NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

" WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO 28.—VOL. XX. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1808. NO. 1018

THE STORY OF

CLEMENT AND AGNES.

CONCLUDED.

He traversed rapidly many countries, in the hope of diverting his mind by the exertion and continual change of scene. He grew composed—but the wound was too deep to be speedily cured.

Another event occurred during his tour—the death of his aunt; for whom, though he had considered her as, in a great measure, the cause of his sorrows, when dead, he felt an unfeigned sorrow.

On his return to England, being little inclined to mix with the world, he gave himself up to the study of the law. He used such uninterrupted application, and made so extraordinary a progress, that, on his appearance in that profession, he became a distinguished pleader. It was thus, by an incident apparently unfortunate to the parties, and productive of individual distress, a life which had no opposition disturbed it, would probably have been spent in idle independence, was, by this check, rendered highly serviceable and ornamental to society.

Agnes, after her departure, had sunk into an insurmountable sadness, which was distressing to her companions, and was only increased by the presence and attentions of her admirer who formed one of the party. It was considered advisable to make a stay at a village on the sea-side, which lay in their road. Soothed with the loneliness of the place, she found it more congenial to her pensive mind to take up her residence there than to travel in the bustle and gaiety of the world. Her lover referred his cause to her guardian, and was very warmly encouraged in that quarter in every wish. He then repaired, with redoubled assiduity, to attend on Agnes. Hence arose those rumours which, being carefully enlarged, were conveyed to Clement, and affected so strongly his spirits. Agnes, on the death of her protectress, fixed her retreat where she now dwelt. Enriched by the kind remembrance of her guardian, she lived in ease, and indeed affluence. Several years regularly passed along—her situation naturally produced a secluded and melancholy composure of mind, to which she cordially indulged. The name of Clement, who, during this period had been immured in his study, never reached her ear, except it inadvertantly happened to fall from her own lips. The lover, whose importunity had at first so much molested her mind, fixed in his attentions. She began to consider herself delivered from further annoyance, and to hope that she might be left to close her days in uninterrupted tranquility. Her wishes were, however, at that moment, insensibly undermining her's. The lover, who had suspended his assiduity, still burned with a flame which could not be mitigated by the coldness with which it was received. What he could not win by persuasion, he determined to execute by artifice. Accordingly, after another unavailing application, he had recourse to the law, and put in a peremptory claim, founded on an assured promise of marriage. His former suit, his known assiduous attendance, his open encouragement from the guardian of Agnes, all together, gave a plausibility and force to his demands, which threatened to overpower her, and she was compelled to defend herself by the same means.

Clement, who now figured at the bar, was at this time on a circuit in that part of the country which Agnes inhabited. As he was one morning preparing for the business of the day, Agnes was introduced to him as a client. She was veiled, he in his official habiliments: both were much altered; the one from long and intense study, the other from melancholy and indisposition. Thus disguised they did not recognize each other, though something seemed familiar to both in their mutual appearance. How should the gay and lively Clement be perceived in the attire, and with the pale countenance of the student and barrister? And how should the sprightly Agnes be known in that composed air and carriage; in that subdued and joyless comportment? She opened her cause to him, and, as she proceeded in the narration, the proofs grew and strengthened in the mind of Clement, and he knew that it was Agnes. His emotions were great, and he was only able occasionally to bid her not despair, to admire the justice of her cause, and to condemn the malevolence of her enemies. By the time she had concluded, being no longer able to suppress his feelings, he excused himself for a moment, and spreading his gown over his face, he retired to the next room, and burst into tears. Thus having eased his breast of its burthen, he resolved not to discover himself, that he might first perfectly satisfy his mind, by hearing all that the opposite party could advance.

Clement, returning, assured her of his utmost exertions, begged her to dismiss this weight from her mind, to leave the matter to himself, and to rest persuaded of success from the justice which was on her side. The more he investigated the affair, the more was he convinced of the purity of Agnes; and, when it came under public judicial examination, resolving by his endeavours to make amends for his own wrong jealousies, he unveiled the designs of the accuser with such skill and force, so convincingly and ably, and addressed the court so happily, so earnestly, and so persuasively, as crowned himself with signal applause and bore his fair client triumphantly to victory. He had no sooner concluded his successful defence, than he wrote to Agnes, with congratulations upon her good fortune; at the same time discovering himself to be the fond and long-lost Clement, and soliciting an immediate interview, when he hoped that she would not deny him the reward of his labours and love. The inward raptures of this meeting language can but feebly describe; nor can the contemplative imagine, except in persons similarly circumstanced and similarly situated. The friends of Clement warmly seconded his suit; and Agnes, unable, unwilling indeed, to oppose their entreaties, became irrevocably united to him, a short time after, at the altar.—Long-tried faithfulness, virtue and religion, celebrity and prosperity, all conspired to make as sincere and perfect as can be under heaven, the happiness of Clement and Agnes.

J. V.

MISCELLANIES.

SENECA says, that in his time the women wore no less than three pearls in each ear, of such extraordinary value, that the smallest was worth an ample patrimony. Their vanity in this particular was carried to such a pitch that their very shoes were bordered with them. Pearls were always considered by the ancients as one of the most valuable productions of nature. They not only formed part of the dress of the rich, but, from a refinement of luxury, truly ridiculous, they were served at entertainments as an uncommon delicacy. Every one is acquainted with the extravagance of Cleopatra, that crowned courtezan, who laid a wager with Anthony that she would consume alone, at a single supper, ten millions of sesterces, about eighty thousand pounds sterling. She actually began with swallowing a pearl worth half that sum, which she had dissolved in vinegar.—She was going to do the same with a second, when Plancus, the umpire, seized the pearl, and declared that Anthony had lost. After this too-celebrated princess had fallen into the hands of the conqueror, this second pearl was cut and made into two ear-pendants for the Venus of the pantheon. Thus the half of a supper for this courtezan served to decorate a goddess. Cleopatra and her lover did not, however, bear away the palm in this kind of sensuate luxury. The son of the tragedian, Æsopus Claudius, whose father had left him immense wealth, furnished an example of this scandalous magnificence; and the action of the player was greater, if that epithet may be applied to such actions, since it was not provoked by a wager. Claudius wished to have the glory of being the first that tried the taste of pearls; he thought it wonderfully fine, and that he might not enjoy the pleasure alone, he caused one to be served to each of the guests who were at his table,

IN 1773, an Englishman struck with the beauty, the accomplishments, and the discretion of a French actress, sent her the following letter:

Mademiselle, I am told that you are discreet, and that you have taken the resolution always to remain so; I exhort you to keep it. The contract I have sent, secures to you fifty guineas a month, as long as this fancy lasts. Should you happen to change your mind, I will give you one hundred, and request the preference."

RULES AND MAXIMS

For Promoting Matrimonial happiness.

The likeliest way, either to obtain a good husband, or to keep one so, is to be good yourself.

Never use a lover ill whom you design to make your husband, least he should either upbraid you with it, or return it afterwards; and if you find at any time an inclination to play the tyrant, remember these two lines of truth and justice---

Gently shall those be rul'd, who gently sway'd;
Abject shall those obey, who haughty were obey'd.
Battle of the sexes.

Avoid, both before and after marriage, all thoughts of managing your husband. Never endeavour to deceive or impose on his understanding, nor give him uneasiness, (as some do very foolishly to try his temper) but treat him always beforehand with sincerity, and afterwards with affection and respect.

Be not over sanguine before marriage, nor promise yourself felicity without alloy; for that is impossible to obtain in the present state of things. Consider before hand, that the person you are going to spend your days with, is a man, and not an angel; and if, when you come together, you discover any thing in his humour or behaviour that is not altogether so agreeable as you expect, pass it over as a human frailty; smooth your brow, compose your temper, and try to mend it by cheerfulness and good nature.

Remember always, that whatever misfortunes may happen to either, they are not to be charged to the account of matrimony, but to the accidents and infirmities of human life---a burden which each has engaged to assist the other in supporting, and to which both parties are equally exposed. Therefore instead of murmurs, reflections and disagreement, whereby the weight is rendered abundantly more grevious, readily put your shoulder to the yoke, and make it easier to both

Resolve every morning to be cheerful and good-natured that day, and if any accident should happen to break that resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with every thing besides, and especially with your husband.

Dispute not with him, be the occasion what it will, but much rather deny yourself the trivial satisfaction of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than risk a quarrel or create a heart burning, which it is impossible to know the end of.

Be assured a woman's power, as well as happiness, has no other foundation but her husband's esteem and love---which consequently, it is her undoubted interest by all means possible to preserve and increase. Do you, therefore, study his temper, and command your own---enjoy his satisfaction with him, share and soothe his cares, and with the utmost diligence conceal his infirmities.

Read frequently with due attention, the matrimonial service, and take care, in doing so, not to overlook the word *obey*.

In your prayers, be sure to add a clause for grace to make a good wife, and at the same time resolve to do your utmost endeavours towards it.

Always wear your wedding ring, for therein lies more virtue than is usually imagined-- if you are ruffled unawares, assaulted with improper thoughts, or tempted in any kind against your duty, cast your eyes upon it, and call to mind who gave it you, where it was received, and what passed at the solemn time.

Let the tenderness of your conjugal love be expressed with such decency, delicacy and prudence, as that it may appear plainly and thoroughly distinct from the designing fondness of a harlot.

Have you any concern for your own ease or for your husband's esteem? then have a due regard to his income and circumstances in all your expences and desires---for if necessity should follow, you run the greatest hazard of being deprived of both.

Let not many days pass together without a serious examination how you have behaved as a wife; and if upon reflection you find yourself guilty of any foibles or omissions, the best atonement is, to be exactly careful of your future conduct.

A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last.

ENO—THE INDIAN WARRIOR.

'Tis done, the blow's given, reveng'd is my love,
Yes, yes, and to-morrow I die;
To-morrow my soul wings its journey above,
To Orra, to Orra, I fly!

Ye tribes, Oh, my brothers! you knew she had charms!
You knew, too, I made her my wife.
Yet the fell villain came, tore the maid from my arms,
But he fell!—Yes, he fell by my knife.

Yet why did my hatchet so soon find his heart?
Or scalp'd was the white man by me?
Why, why, Oh! I'll tell it, with rapture impart,
That Eno might come love, to thee!

Yes, yes, and to-morrow I go to my bride,
'Tis fix'd, 'tis the Christian's decree!
The faggots will blaze, but their joy I'll deride,
For Orra, I come, love, to thee!

Farewell! and for ever! tormentors, I'll cry,
My sinews to ashes may burn,
Yes, yes, but a groan, not a groan nor a sigh,
Your flames shall exact in return.

Farewell! and for ever! I go to my bride!
Your tortures are pleasures to me,
My arm fell'd the tyrant, he struggled and died!
But Orra—I come, love, to thee.

THE BALL

Yes, Arthur, I was at the ball,
I danced with some, and talk'd with many,
But found no heart-felt charms in any,
Alike indifferent to all,
Nor heeded what they said to me,
For all my thoughts were fixing on thee.

Yes, Arthur, I was dress'd with care,
Not last among the belles appearing,
But did not meet thy smile endearing---
But did not hear thee call me fair,
And flattery has no charms for me,
Unless I'm flatter'd, love, by thee.

Yes many sought my ear to gain,
Among th' insipid sons of fashion,
Some vow'd, and feign'd or felt a passion,
Some spoke of a long dissembled pain,
But all their cares were lost on me,
My heart is all engross'd by thee.

Yes, Arthur, one, I freely own,
Tho' all his brother beaus were teasing,
I thought most eloquent and pleasing,
And listen'd but to him alone,
The magic charm he had for me,
Was, Arthur--that he spoke of thee.

That darling theme can never tire,
The only one I hear with pleasure,
In lonely absence all my treasure—
It can a very fool inspire,
And life has no concern for me,
Except the care of pleasing thee.

(If we rightly recollect, this sweet little trifle is attributed to Dryden.———Pastime.)

I prithee give me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine
For if with yours you will not part,
Pray why should you have mine?

Stay—now I think on't—let it lie—
To take it home were vain.
For you've a *thief in each sweet eye,*
Would steal it back again.

MAXIM.

Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse,
E'er fancy you consult, consult your purse.

ANECDOTES.

Louis XV at the age of sixteen, was as deficient in gallantry as he was ridiculous for too much of it at fifty. He wept when informed of his intended marriage with the young and handsome Infanta of Spain and nothing was capable of comforting him till he was assured that he was not to live with her for a long time to come. On her arrival in France the King went as far as Bourg la Reine to meet her. He embraced her without saying a word, and returned to Paris to receive her at the Louvre. There he still maintained profound silence, which caused the young princess to say, that the King was had sense, but he had nothing more to say than her dear

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Frederick I. of Prussia, standing one day at a window in his palace, perceived that one of his pages took a pinch of snuff from his box which lay on the table. He did not interrupt him, but turning round immediately afterwards he asked, Do you like that snuff-box? The page was confounded and made no reply. The King repeated his question, and the page said, trembling, that he thought it very beautiful. In that case, rejoined Frederick take it, for it is too small for us both.

A French officer having killed another in a duel was obliged to quit the service and his country. He retired to Berlin, where the French minister recommended him to the favour of the great Frederick. The officer was presented to him. The king enquired his reason for leaving the service of France. Sire, replied the officer, I was one day in a coffee house at Metz, with several officers of the garrison—I had a dispute with one of my comrades, and said to him in the warmth of altercation, that he would not hearken to reason any more than a Swiss. A Swiss officer who happened to be present took affront at the expression—he picked a German quarrel with me—we met, and I killed him. It appeared to me, said Frederick, that you are not happy in proverbs. The king, however, soon gave him a commission.

PREMATURE INTERMENT.

Hasty interment is still a prevalent custom in Russia, and even premature burials are said to be not quite unknown. A short time previous to my departure, the following horrid circumstance was related at St. Petersburgh—

A young nobleman, who had squandered away his fortune, found his sister, to whom he applied for assistance, not the least inclined to sacrifice her patrimony to his taste for dissipation. As he considered himself her heir, the wicked thought arose in his breast, to make himself master of her fortune. With this view he found means to give the unfortunate lady a sleeping draught. She was now considered as dead, and, with every appearance of the deepest sorrow her interment was resolved upon. The corpse was already placed before the altar, when one of her friends happening to pass the place was informed of her sudden death. She hurried to the church, where the priest was already pronouncing the blessing over the corpse, and in order to impress the last farewell kiss on the lips of her dearly beloved friend, she hastened to the coffin. She seized her hand, and found it rather flaccid, but not stiff, she touched her cheek, and imagined she still felt some natural warmth in it. She insisted on stopping the ceremony, and tried whether her friend might not be recalled to life. But all was in vain, neither the brother nor the priest would listen to her solicitations. On the contrary, they ridiculed her as a person out of her mind. Unfortunately she no where found assistance. She immediately, in her anxiety, threw herself into her carriage, and hastened to the neighbouring seat of government. Here she found a hearing, proper persons accompanied her to investigate the affair, and she drove back with speed, but found her friend already covered with sacred earth. The interment had taken place the day before, and the inhuman brother had already obtained possession of her property, while priests and witnesses attested that the unfortunate person was actually dead. Among the Russians it is reckoned

...heinous sin to dig up the corpse; and ...the desire of the generous friend for a ...true experienced the most violent op... ...tion to convince herself of the truth by ...ocular demonstration; till at last the Com... ...s of inquiry conceived some suspicion, ...sisted on opening the grave; when the ...unfortunate lady was discovered to be ...ed, with her face lacerated, and the ...tion of her nails in the coffin lid. ...brother and the priest were immediate... ...taken into custody, and confessed their ...me.

TO THE

MEMORY OF A FEMALE FRIEND.

...this sad grave no common grief invites,
...stale display of sanctimonious rites:
...estic Virtues here, a drooping band,
...round the hallow'd spot despairing stand!
...d here their lov'd departed Mistress mourn,
...m the fond Youth of her affection torn;
...n from gay life's short scene in morning's bloom
...feel the jaws of the relentless tomb!
...! when she fell beneath Death's tyrant power,
...e polish'd world then lost its beauteous flower!
...whose blest frame were happily combin'd
...s feeling bosom and th' illumin'd mind!
...pirit finely touch'd by nature's hand,
...ompt to perform when Virtue gave command;
...r on affliction's wound to pour relief,
...d bind the bleeding artery of grief
...endship exclaim'd, while bursting tears ran o'er,
...y prime, my steadfast favorite is no more!"
...ection, to the bosom still more dear,
...runk at the event, and dropp'd her warmest tear;
...eligion rais'd her sacred hand on high,
...d said—See innocence ascend the sky!

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 20, 1808.

The city inspector reports the death of 47 persons (of whom 11 were men, 2 women, 17 boys and 18 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last viz Of consumption 6, convulsions 5 decay 4, dropsy 1, drowned 2, typhus fever 1, infantile 14, hives 1, inflammation of the bowels 1, leurisy 1, sprue 1, still born 1, whooping cough 1, worms 2, and (as if the blessings of vaccination where about to be forgotten) 2 have been permitted to perish of the small pox.

In the city and liberties of Philadelphia, during the same time, the deaths were 93, of whom 30 were adults and 63 children.

A valuable Coal Mine has within a few weeks past been discovered in the farm of Mr. Cook Wilcox, near Bristol Ferry Rhode-Island, Coal was found in less than 30 feet from the surface of the earth: the depth of the stratum has not yet been ascertained—it is supposed, however, to be of considerable depth as well as of extent. The coal has been tried in this town, and has been pronounced by blacksmiths, and other competent judges, to be of an excellent quality.

N. Y Gaz.

A most horrid Murder was committed on Wednesday last. A certain boat, which had for months been in constant employ, running prushes and provisions into Canada, used to run up Onion River a little below the fall, to load in the nights, and row out of the river and sail for Canada. This the commander of the troops had discovered, and learning also that the said boat was in the river, he sent Lieut. Farrington with a sergeant and twelve privates in a revenue cutter to take it.—They rowed up the river, and found moored at the bank the boat (called the Black Snake) which they knew to be the one they were sent after; no person was on board; they took it, and was rowing down the stream, when from the bushes on shore they were fired on; the second shot killed a soldier by the name of Ellis Drake; ten guns were successively fired. The Lieutenant, considering it imprudent to continue on board, ordered his men to go with him on shore, and left the boats. Soon after they had landed, Mr. Jonathan Ormsby, son of the late Major Ormsby, and Mr. Asa Rice, came to enquire what was the occasion of the firing; while conversing with the Lieutenant and men, a large gun, called a wall piece, 10 feet in length, and carrying 16 ounce balls, was fired from the woods, which killed Mr. Ormsby and Asa Marsh a soldier, and wounded the Lieutenant in his head and arm, but it is hoped not dangerously. The citizens of Burlington immediately turned out, and took nine of the insurgents; from whom they learnt, that there were twelve in number, and that three escaped. These men are all citizens of Vermont; they declare that they were hired at the price of two dollars for every 24 hours. Who their base employers are will probably soon be known. In justice to the Citizens of Burlington, our informant authorised us to say, that universal indignation prevailed among them, and every possible exertion was made by them to secure the villains.

The nine villains are in gaol, guarded by a detachment of Burlington militia. The three not taken are called Samuel I. Mott, William Nokes, and Slocum Clark. The Collector has offered as a reward for the apprehension of Mott, 100 dollars, and for the others 50 dollars each.

Vermont paper.

From the Herkimer Herald of August 9.

On Tuesday last a Mr. Asher Clark, of the town of Warren, was found in or near the roadt in a sad condition, being very much bruised, with bu few remaining signs of life. He was taken into a house, where every necessary aid was administered, but to no purpose; he expired in a short time. A jury of inquest was called, which sat upon the body, and gave their verdict accidental death, by the fall from a horse. The particulars relating to the above accident, we are informed, are as follows:—Mr. Clark had set out on a short journey, in company with Dr. Ten Broeck; and on their way, it appears, they had stopped, and drank too much spiritous liquor, as Mr. Clark fell from his horse several times, and was assisted to remount by the inhabitants on the road. How long Mr. Clark remained in the situation he was in when found, is not known. It is supposed he must have fallen from his hore, and probably dragged some distance. by his foot catching or remaining in the stirrup, as his wounds were principally upon the head, and his skull very much fractured. Dr. Ten Broeck, who accompanied Mr. Clark has not yet been heard of: his horse has since been found, and his neighbours are very apprehensive that his fate is similar to that of Mr. Clark.

The new king of Westphalia has intimated that he will order every article of English produce within his reach to be *burnt* except *coals*.

London paper.

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening by the Rev Mr Townley, Mr George Johnson to Mary Rodgers, both of this city

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev Dr Milldoller, Henry Remson, Esq to Miss Eliza Depeyster.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev Dr M'Knight, Captain Joseph Hill to Miss Hannah Pearl, daughter of Mr David Pearl of this city.

On Saturday evening last at Stamford, (Conn) by the Rev Mr Wheaton, Mr John S Winthrop to Miss Harriet Rogers, daughter of Fitch Rogers, Esqr.

At the same time and place, Mr Francis B Winthrop, junr to Miss Julia Ann Rogers, daughter of Moses Rogers, Esq.

At Raritan on Tuesday last by the Rev Dr Beach, Mr James Lent merchant of this city, to Miss Jane Lyell, of Brunswick, N J.

DIED,

On Wednesday evening Mrs Sarah Bletcher, wife of Thomas Bletcher of this city.

At Albany on the 2d inst in the 51st year of her age, Mrs Sarah Kirby, consort of the Rev Thomas Kirby.

At Savannah on the 1st inst, Mr Ananias Cooper.

At Milledgeville, Georgia, Mr Francis Sayre, formerly merchant of this city,

At New Orleans, on the 13th ult Mr James Lupton, formerly of this city

At Havanna, on the 29th of July last, after a short illness, Mr Nathaniel Lawrence Ledyard Hazard, late supercargo of the ship Vigilant, of this port

Lately in Germany, M. Von Kotzebue, the celebrated dramatic poet

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August 13 207 tf

EMBROIDERING CHINELLE,

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COURT OF APOLLO.

THE SICK PLANTER AND HIS SLAVE.

A Planter, near Jamaica town,
Was sick beyond the art of healing;
He was a man of high renown,
And rich in every thing—but feeling.

Vasa, his slave, a faithful lad,
Was somewhat in his master's graces;
And, as one day the fool look'd sad,
He took him to his kind embraces.

Quoth he 'Good fellow I've a thought
To leave thee free, with store of money.'
Blacke the notion quickly caught
And sobb'd—'Sweet massa, tank you honey.

'And when you die that you may rest
Near him whose bounty thus conferr'd is,
I'll have it in my will express'd,
That in my vault your corpse interr'd is.'

Oh! my good massa; never care,
The slave return'd; Me no disgrace you;
Me satisfy de gold to share:
Your own relations me give place to.

How! said the Planter in a pet,
Trembling, the boy replied. Dear massa,
Me fear old Devil may forget,
And, 'stead of you, may take poor Vasa.

ON HEARING A YOUNG LADY SING

"Nobody came to Woo."

ELIZABETH warbled so sweetly;
Oh! nobody comes to woo:
I sigh'd; then with rapture exclaim'd;
Eliza! it cannot be true!

Has Cupid his arrows thrown by?
Have turtles forgot how to coo?
Are swains quite estranged from love?
Eliza, !-- it cannot be true!

If mitre'd, or crown'd was my head,
And 'Liza should smile and prove true,---
I'd fly on the wings of a dove,
Eliza to court and to woo.

ADVICE.

Ye wives and ye husbands who both wish to see
Your conjugal scenes from all skirmishes free;
In this doth the secret of harmony lie,
Ne'er begin a duet e'en a half note too high.

Ye ladies, tho' vex'd your mild spirits may be,
Yet kindly beware of a keen repartee,
For peace's soft bosom those arrows must hit,
Which doubly are pointed with anger and wit.

Ye husbands, of argument chiefly beware,
The bane of good humour which frightens the fair,
Where reason's soft tones soon in passion are drown'd
While happiness trembles, and flies from the sound.

O both! have a care of all hasty replies,
[illegible] cries,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]